THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 6, 1792.

Obſervations and Anecdotes relative to Suicide.

AS example teaches more effectually than precept, Zimmerman ſtrengthens the force of his ſound reaſoning upon the effects of pleaſurable diſſipation by the melancholy ſtory of the Honourable Mr. D——, "who, at the age of thirty-five, put a period to his exiſtence by means perfectly correſpondent to the principles on which he had lived. A moſt infatuated love of diſſipation deſtroyed all the powers of his mind, and ſome of the more excellent qualities of his heart. His table, his carriages, his horſes, his own dreſs, his very liveries, ſurpaſſed in magnificence and elegance every thing that is ſumptuous in the metropolis of England. The income he enjoyed was ſplendid, but not ſufficient for his unbounded extravagance; at length, the ſituation in which he found his affairs led him to deſpair—the cataſtrophe is too well known—in vain he called to his aſſiſtance the daughters of ſenſuality."

The reader will perceive, that the fine picture of diſſipation, drawn by our moral philoſopher is ſketched from the features of the wretched D——. The lowborn Heſſe, raiſed to a high degree of elevation and affluence by miniſterial favour, corruptly obtained, had the abſurd vanity and idle pride to aſſociate with and entertain certain princes of the land, and finiſhed his career of folly and vice by the fatal bullet. The highborn D—— did the ſame—the black catalogue, ſince added, would fill the page; but let theſe ſuffice! and O, my countrymen, for Heaven's ſake! wipe out in future the foul national reproach, let

it not any longer be a melancholy truth, that foreign writers, whether divines, philoſophers, or hiſtorians, of the preſent century, eſpecially of late years, when treating of the horrid crime of ſuicide, refer their readers for examples to England. Renowned for courage and fortitude in the field, is it not aſtoniſhing that ſo many inſtances of this cowardly, baſe deſertion of life, becauſe deprived of the means of purſuing the deceitful pleaſures of the world, ſhould annually occur? Henceforth, unleſs you can conquer this vile diſpoſition, talk not of Spaniſh pride, or any other pride—for Engliſh pride, contracted at faſhionable gambling-houſes, " at the board of luxury, where diſeaſe with leaden ſceptre is known to preſide," and in the lap of ſenſuality, will not permit you to bend your proud necks to humbler ſituations; to go down one or two ſteps lower in the ladder of life; to retire to peaceful ſolitude for a few years, and, by recovering the uſe of your reaſon, to demonſtrate to you the practicability of living more happily upon the ſhattered remains of a ruined fortune; upon an income of hundreds, than upon a revenue of thouſands, and ſo in proportion, accord-cording to your ſeveral ranks of life, deſcending inſtead of aſcending.

Come then, all you unhappy ſons and daughters of misfortune, to our ſage moral philoſopher; adopt his ſentiments; they will make your yoke eaſy, and your burthen light—and the reverſes of fortune, he will ſoon teach you, are the eaſieſt to be borne of all human afflictions.

Do you ſeek for relief, expect it not from the gay world in which you have run your race of folly, for men of diſſipated minds are never the protectors of the weak, or the avengers of the oppreſſed.

" But, on the contrary, if ſorrow forces us into ſolitude, patience and perſeverance ſoon reſtore the ſoul to its natural tranquillity. To prevent ſuicide, we ought never to inſpect the volume of futurity: its pages will only deceive us; on the contrary, we ought for ever to repeat this experimental truth, this conſolatory maxim; that the objects which men behold at a diſtance with fear and trembling, loſe, on a nearer approach, not only their diſagreeable and menacing aſpect, but frequently in the event produce the moſt agreeable and unexpected pleaſures. He who tries every expedient, who boldly oppoſes himſelf to every difficulty, who ſtands ſteady and inflexible to every obſtacle, who neglects no exertion within his power, and relies with confidence upon the aſſiſtance of God,

extracts

extracts from affliction both its poison and its sting, and deprives misfortune of its victory."

Zimmerman has enlivened his piece on solitude with interesting stories and anecdotes: be it permitted to us to introduce one, in the same benevolent view, " to add another ray of consolation to the afflicted! and to make melancholy, forgetting the horrors of its situation, raise its dejected head to bless the Almighty Preserver of his Being."

A gentleman was known by his nearest and dearest friend, his wife, never to lie down upon his pillow some years before his death, or raise his head from it in the morning, without repeating the short hymn annexed to this anecdote; and sometimes he would inadvertently burst into ejaculations in company, when two or three lines of it were distinctly heard before he recollected himself: the cause at that time was unknown; but after his decease, a paper was found in his bureau to the following purport: " You will no longer be surprised at my involuntary effusions of feeble gratitude to the Almighty, which broke forth occasionally in gay company, when you shall read, that many years since, the dread of approaching poverty, disgrace, humiliation, and desertion of friends, had brought me to the fatal resolution of putting an end to my existence. Conscious that I had brought misfortune upon a numerous family by my own imprudence, dissipation, and pride, I considered my punishment as an act of justice. The destined moment arrived, already had I loaded, primed, and cocked—when strange to relate! though I had not read a page in the Bible for years, a reflection came suddenly across my mind—" Jesus of Nazareth," said I to myself, " was a man (for I disbelieved his divinity) acquainted with sorrows, endured a life of poverty, was exposed to public scorn and derision, suffered pain of body and agony of mind, and had nothing to reproach himself with: yet this reformer of the morals of mankind, this benefactor to society, this illustrious pattern of fortitude, patience, and humility, was by an unthankful world put to death; he was crucified!—but he crucified not himself!" Repeating these last words a second time with unusual energy, pride, disdain, shame, and contempt of my inability humbly to imitate this striking example of bearing afflictions manfully, produced a passionate conflict of mind, in which paroxysm I madly flung the pistol to some distance from me: to add to the affecting scene it went off, unheard but by my affectionate wife, who religiously kept the secret; her consolations restored me to temporary tranquillity, but the work of Providence was not yet completed; not a

week had elapſed, and ſettled melancholy was again taking poſſeſſion of my ſoul, when a letter announced the death of a diſtant relation, and ſummoned me to the reading of his will, by which he had bequeathed me ſufficient not only to clear me of all incumbrances, but to enable me, with the aſſiſtance of a conſiderable ſurplus, to exert my abilities in the line of my profeſſion, for the genteel ſupport of my family, and even to aim at a moderate independence, which you will find I have at length acquired.

* Riſe, O my ſoul! the hour review
When, aw'd by guilt and fear,
Thou durſt not Heaven for mercy ſue,
Nor hope for pity here!

Dry'd are thy tears, thy griefs are fled,
Diſpell'd each bitter care;
For Heaven itſelf did lend its aid,
To ſnatch thee from deſpair!

Then hear, O God! thy work fulfil;
And from thy mercy's throne
Vouchſafe me ſtrength to do thy will,
And to reſiſt my own.

So ſhall my ſoul each power employ,
Thy mercies to adore,
Whilſt Heaven itſelf proclaims with joy
One reſcued ſinner more!

* Taken, with ſmall variations, from a hymn occaſionally ſung at the Magdalen Chapel.

The Hiſtory of Knowledge, Learning, and Taſte, in Great Britain, during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Part the Second.

[From the New Annual Regiſter for the Year 1790.]

(*Concluded from Page* 114.)

MEDICINE, which is ſo nearly allied to natural hiſtory, aſſumed, in this reign, ſomething of a more ſcientific form, and produced names worthy to be noticed. Richard Caldewall,

Caldewall, who ſettled in London, and became Preſident of the College of Phyſicians, is juſtly entitled to the grateful remembrance of his brethren, on account of his having founded and endowed, together with Lord Lumley, a chirurgical and anatomical lecture in the College. It was in the courſe of the lectures derived from this inſtitution, that the true doctrine of the circulation of the blood was firſt made public by Dr. Harvey.

John Securis, who reſided at Saliſbury, and was much reſorted to for his ſkill in the practice of phyſic, and John Jones, who was eminent in his profeſſion at Bath, and in Nottinghamſhire and Derbyſhire, were the authors of ſeveral medical works, which were of reputation in their day. Jones, among his other writings, treated on the waters of Buxton and of Bath.

Of George Etheridge, the chief thing to be ſaid is, that he joined the liberal and ornamental parts of ſcience with the ſtudy of phyſic. Indeed, he maintained a high character, not only for medical knowledge, but for ſkill in the mathematics, in Hebrew and the learned languages, and in muſic and poetry. Among ſome tranſlations and poetical performances which were written by him, is a verſion of the firſt book of the Æneid into Greek heroic verſe. In the only work that he publiſhed in the way of his profeſſion, and which contained obſervations on ſome of the books of Paulus Egineta, he takes notice of the ſweating ſickneſs that reigned in Edward the Sixth's time, and remarks that few died of it at Oxford. This he attributes to the ſuperior purity of the air of that city.

Walter Baley, though he was Queen's Profeſſor of Phyſic at Oxford, only deſerves to be mentioned as having chiefly directed his medical ſkill to a particular object. His two principal publications related to diſeaſes of the eyes. Thomas Mowfet is entitled to ſuperior notice. He was a writer of conſiderable celebrity, and appears to have been one of the earlieſt introducers of chemical medicines in England. His tract "*De Jure et Præſtantia Chemicorum Medicamentorum*," is an acute apology for the chemical ſect in medicine, which then began to prevail in Germany and other countries, though not without meeting with violent oppoſition. The work is in the form of a dialogue, and is a kind of diſputation between a chemiſt and a Galeniſt; the latter of whom ſuffers himſelf to be entirely convinced. Five medicinal epiſtles were publiſhed by Mowfet, the third of which contains ſome very ſenſible and liberal remarks againſt abſolute ſubmiſſion to the authority of

great

great names, or leaders of a sect. In the last epistle the benefits of foreign travel to a physician are displayed. Another of Mowfet's works, which treats of the prognostics of Hippocrates, is an additional proof of the profound learning of the author, and shows that though he was, in some respect an admirer of Paracelsus, he was far from the folly and extravagance of several of the chemical sect. His last medical performance, which was on the improvement of health, is curious and entertaining, both on account of the numerous anecdotes and observations quoted from the ancients, and the information contained in it respecting the diet used in this country at the time in which he wrote. Mowfet claims an honourable distinction as a writer in natural history. With great labour and expence he enlarged and finished a work, entitled "*Insectorum sive Minimorum Animalium Theatrum.*" Being left by him in manuscript, it was not printed till the year 1634. Haller speaks very favourably of Mowfet as an entomologist, and represents him as having been the chief person in that line, previously to Swammerdam.

Balleyn and Gilbert we have mentioned under other heads. John David Rhese, though possessing a high reputation for medical learning, distinguished himself more as a critic and an antiquary than as a physician.

William Butler, who never appeared as an author, nor left any writings behind him, was, in his time, the most popular and celebrated practitioner of physic in the kingdom; and the means by which he arrived at this eminence were somewhat different from those which were employed by most of his predecessors in fame. Several of his successors have used the same means with success. He did not, like Linacre and Caius, render himself conspicuous by his critical, polite, or philosophical knowledge, but seems to have been bold and singular in his practice, and to have possessed a natural sagacity in judging of diseases. To all these was added an oddity and capriciousness of manners. He is said to have been the first who used chemical preparations in England.

The prime glory among the physicians of Queen Elizabeth's reign, taking him altogether, was John Kaye, or Caius, which last is the name by which he is generally known. Like Linacre, he united the first honours of literature with those of medicine. His great attachment to his studies was manifested by some very early productions, being chiefly translations from Nicephorus Callistus, Chrysostom, and Erasmus; and which were performed by him at the age of twenty-one. He studied

physic

physic at Padua under Johannes Baptista Montanus, the most eminent medical professor of his time; and, while he resided in that city, he lodged in the same house with the celebrated anatomist Andreas Vesalius, whose ardour he emulated in anatomical pursuits. On his return to his own country, he was incorporated Doctor of Physic at Cambridge, and practised in his profession at Shrewsbury and Norwich, where his reputation spread so fast that he was soon called to London. Here he was successively Physician to Edward the Sixth, and the Queens Mary and Elizabeth. Being constituted a Fellow of the College of Physicians, he was ever after the great ornament and support of that body. He presided for seven years, at the head of the College, and displayed, on various occasions, his zeal for the dignity and interests of the society. To Cambridge, where he had received his first education, he was a signal benefactor. Gonville Hall, of which he had been a member, was erected by him in the College which now goes by his name. Dr. Kaye was distinguished as a critic, a linguist, an antiquary, a physician, and a naturalist; but it is only in the two latter capacities that he demands our present attention. For Galen he expressed the profoundest esteem and veneration; and he was a perfect master of that physician's voluminous writings. With this predilection, many new experiments or discoveries are not to be expected in Kaye's publications. His first work, "*De Medendi Methodo*," is of little consequence; but the next of his medical performances is indisputably original; and the subject of it forms a curious article in the annals of medicine. We mean his account of the "Sweating Sickness," or, as he himself named it, the "*Ephemera Britannica*." Valuable, however, as this treatise is, not only as giving the fullest narrative of so singular a distemper, but as containing many judicious practical remarks, it is far from being a perfect piece of medical writing. What is most to be regretted is, that it affords but little light with respect to the first rise of the disease. It may be added concerning the work, that it is a good specimen of the order, though not entirely so of the manner, in which subjects of this kind should be treated. As a naturalist, Dr. Kaye sustains a very respectable character. He was the correspondent and intimate friend of the celebrated Gesner, and drew up for his use "Short History of certain rare Animals and Plants," which were inserted in Gesner's works, and afterwards separately published, with corrections and enlargements. At the request, also, of the same great naturalist, Kaye wrote a "Treatise on British Dogs," in a method so judicious,

judicious, that Mr. Pennant has inserted the whole piece in his "British Zoology." In the opinion of the same gentleman, than whom none can be a better judge, all Dr. Kaye's other descriptions of animals are proofs of his great acquaintance with this branch of natural history.

The knowledge of surgery as well as of medicine, received considerable improvement during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Thomas Gale added to the skill of the art by various writings. From one of his publications it appears that the number of regular bred surgeons to supply the public service, was much greater at this period than afterward. George Baker, Surgeon in Ordinary to the Queen, was the author of several works in the line of his profession. John Banister, though a physician, as well as a surgeon, distinguished himself chiefly by treatises of a chirurgical nature. His reputation was great in his day; and some of his formulæ are of an elegant simplicity, and, in general, less compounded than those of foreign practitioners. John Halse is called "a most famous man," by William Clowes, who was, however, himself more truly famous. Indeed, Clowes was one of the most eminent surgeons of his time; and he was not only a very skillful practitioner, but an improver of the art; especially in his principal work, concerning burnings with gun-powder, and wounds made with gun-shot, and other military weapons. His quotations shew him to have possessed a competent share of learning. In his style he is clear, and not incorrect. Of the contemporaries of the profession, both natives and foreigners, he every where speaks with great respect; and candidly acknowledges any instructions he received from them. On the other hand, he is severe upon empirical pretenders; many of whom, he laments, were entrusted to practise on board her Majesty's ships, much to the detriment of the service.

The History of the Life of Baron Trenck. In which is introduced a particular Account of the extraordinary Sufferings which he underwent by Command of the late King of Prussia.

[Extracted from his own Narrative.]

(*Continued from Page* 120.)

JASCHINSKY was at this time one of the King's favourites; his spy over the army; a tale-bearer; an inventor of lies

lies and wicked calumnies. Some years after the event of which I am now ſpeaking, the King was obliged to break and baniſh him the country.

He was then alſo the paramour of the beauteous Madame Broſſart, wife of the Saxon Reſident at Berlin, and there can be little doubt but that this falſe letter was, by her means, conveyed to ſome Saxon or Auſtrian poſt-office, and thence, according to its addreſs, ſent to me. He had daily opportunities of infuſing ſuſpicions into the King's mind concerning me; and, unknown to me, of purſuing his diabolical plan.

I muſt likewiſe add, he was 400 ducats indebted to me. At that time I had always a plentiful ſupply of money. The booty became his own when I, unexamined, was arreſted, and thrown into priſon. In like manner he ſeized on the greateſt part of my camp equipage.

Further, we had quarrelled during our firſt campaign, becauſe he had beaten one of my ſervants; we even were proceeding to fight with piſtols, had not Colonel Winterfeld interfered, and amicably ended our quarrel. The Lithuanian is, by nature, obſtinate and revengeful; and, from that day, I have reaſon to believe he ſought my deſtruction.

God only knows what were the means he took to excite the King's ſuſpicions; for it is incredible that Frederic, conſidering his well-known profeſſions of public juſtice, ſhould treat me in the manner he did, without a hearing, without examination, and without a court-martial. This to me has ever remained a myſtery, which the King alone was able to explain: he afterwards was convinced I was innocent; but my ſufferings had been too cruel, and the miſeries he had inflicted too horrible, for me ever to hope for compenſation.

The day after the receipt of this letter I was, as I have before ſaid, unheard, unaccuſed, unjudged, conducted, like a criminal, from the army, by the fifty huſſars, and impriſoned in the fortreſs of Glatz. I was allowed to take three horſes, and my ſervants, but my whole equipage was left behind, which I never ſaw more, and which became the booty of Jaſchinſky. My commiſſion was given to Cornet Schatzel, and I caſhiered, without knowing why. There were no legal inquiries made; all was done by the King's command.

Unhappy people! where power is ſuperior to law, and where the innocent, and the virtuous, meet puniſhment inſtead of reward. Unhappy land! where the omnipotent "*ſuch is our will,*" ſuperſedes all legal ſentence, and robs the ſubject of property, life, and honour.

 I once

I once more repeat I was brought to the citadel of Glatz: I was not however thrown into a dungeon, but imprisoned in a chamber in the office of the guard; was allowed my servants to wait on me, and permitted to walk on the ramparts.

I did not want money, and there was only a detachment, from the garrison regiment, in the citadel of Glatz, the officers of which were all poor. I soon had both friends and freedom, and the rich prisoner every day kept open table.

He only who had known me in this the ardour of my youth, who had witnessed how high I aspired, and the fortune that attended me at Berlin, can imagine what my feelings were, at finding myself thus suddenly cast from my high hopes.

I wrote submissively to the King, requesting to be tried by a court-martial, and not desiring any favour should I be found guilty. This haughty tone, in a youth, was displeasing, and I received no answer, which threw me into despair, and induced me to use every possible means to obtain my liberty.

My first care was to establish, by the intervention of an officer, a certain correspondence with the object of my heart. She answered, she was far from supposing I had ever entertained the least thought traiterous to my country; that she knew, too well, I was perfectly incapable of dissimulation. She blamed the precipitate anger, and unjust suspicions, of the King, promised me speedy aid, and sent me 1000 ducats.

Had I, at this critical moment, possessed a prudent and intelligent friend, who could have calmed my impatience, nothing perhaps might have been more easy than to have obtained pardon by proving my innocence; or, it may be, than to have induced him to punish my enemies.

But the officers who were then at Glatz fed the flame of discontent. They supposed the money I so freely distributed came all from Hungary, furnished by the Pandour chest; and advised me not to suffer my freedom to depend upon the will of the King, but to enjoy it in his despite.

It was not more easy to give this advice than to persuade a man to take it, who, till then, had never encountered any thing but good fortune, and who consequently supported this reverse with impatience. I was not yet however determined, because I could not yet resolve to abandon my country, and especially Berlin.

Five months soon passed away in prison: peace was concluded; the King was returned to his capital: my commission in the guards was bestowed on another, when Lieutenant Pitschky, of the regiment of Fouquet, and Ensign Reitz, who often

often mounted guard over me, propoſed that they and I ſhould eſcape together. I yielded, our plan was fixed, and every preparatory ſtep taken.

At that time there was another priſoner at Glatz, whoſe name was Manget, by birth a Swiſs, and Captain of Cavalry in the Natzmeſchen huſſars; he had been broken and condemned by a court martial to ten years impriſonment, with an allowance of only four rix-dollars per month.

Having done this man kindneſſes, I was reſolved to reſcue him from bondage, at the ſame time that I obtained freedom for myſelf. I communicated my deſign, and made the propoſal, which was accepted by him, and meaſures were taken; yet were we betrayed by this vile man, who thus purchaſed pardon and liberty.

Piaſchky, who had been informed that Reitz was arreſted, ſaved himſelf by deſerting. I denied the fact in preſence of Manget, with whom I was confronted, and bribed the Auditor with 100 ducats. By this means Reitz only ſuffered a year's impriſonment, and the loſs of his commiſſion. I was afterward cloſely confined in a chamber, for having endeavoured to corrupt the King's officers, and was guarded with greater caution.

Here I will interrupt my narrative, for a moment, to relate an adventure which happened between me and this Captain Manget, three years after he had thus betrayed me, that is to ſay in 1749, at Warſaw.

I there met him by chance, and it is not difficult to imagine what was the ſalutation he received. I caned him; he took this ill, and challenged me to fight with piſtols. Capt. Heucking, of the Poliſh guards, was my ſecond. We both fired together: I ſhot him through the neck, at the firſt ſhot, and he fell dead on the field.

He, alone, of all my enemies, ever died by my own hand; and he well merited his end, for his cowardly treachery toward the two brave fellows of whom I have ſpoken; and ſtill more ſo with reſpect to myſelf who had been his benefactor. I own, I have never reproached myſelf for this duel, by which I ſent a raſcal out of the world.

I return to my tale. My deſtiny at Glatz was now become more untoward and ſevere. The King's ſuſpicions were increaſed, as likewiſe was his anger, by this my late attempt to eſcape.

Left to myſelf, I conſidered my ſituation in the worſt point of view, and determined either on flight or death. The length

and closeness of my confinement became insupportable to my impatient temper.

I had always had the garrison on my side, nor was it possible to prevent my making friends among them. They knew I had money, and, in a poor garrisoned regiment, the officers of which are all dissatisfied, having most of them been drafted from other corps and sent hither as a punishment, there was nothing that might not be undertaken.

My scheme was as follows:

My window looked toward the city, and was 90 feet from the ground in the tower of the citadel, out of which I could not get, without having found a place of refuge in the city.

This an officer undertook to procure me, and prevailed on an honest soap-boiler to grant me an hiding-place. I then notched my penknife, and sawed through three large iron bars; but this mode was too tedious, it being necessary to file away eight bars from my window, before I could pass through: another officer therefore procured me a file, which I was obliged to use with caution, lest I should be overheard by the centinels.

Having ended this labour, I cut my leather portmanteau into thongs, sewed them end to end, added the sheets of my bed, and descended safely from this astonishing height.

It rained, the night was dark, and all seemed fortunate, but I had to wade through moats full of mud, before I could enter the city, a circumstance I never once considered. I sunk up to the knees, and, after long struggling, and incredible efforts to extricate myself, I was obliged to call the centinel, and desire him to go, and tell the governor, Trenck was stuck fast in the moat.

My misfortune was the greater on this occasion, because that General Fouquet was then Governor of Glatz. He was one of the cruellest of men. He had been wounded by my father in a duel; and the Austrian Trenck had taken his baggage in 1744, and had also laid the country of Glatz under contribution. He was therefore an enemy to the very name of Trenck; nor did he lose any opportunity of giving him proofs of his enmity, and especially on the present occasion, when he left me standing in the mire till noon, the sport of the soldiers. I was then drawn out, half dead, only again to be imprisoned, and shut up the whole day, without water to wash me.

No one could imagine how I looked, exhausted and dirty, my long hair having fallen into the mud, with which, by my struggling, it was loaded. I remained in this condition till the

next

next day, when two fellow prisoners were ſent to aſſiſt and clean me.

My impriſonment now became more intolerable. I had ſtill 80 louis-d'ors in my purſe, which had not been taken from me at my removal into another dungeon, and theſe afterward did me good ſervice.

The paſſions ſoon all aſſailed me at once, and impetuous, boiling, youthful blood overpowered reaſon; hope diſappeared; I thought myſelf the moſt unfortunate of men, and my King an irreconcileable judge, more wrathful and more fortified in ſuſpicion by my own raſhneſs. My nights were ſleepleſs, my days miſerable: my ſoul was tortured by the deſire of fame: a conſciouſneſs of innocence was a continued ſtimulus inciting me to end my misfortunes. Youth, unexperienced in woe and diſaſtrous fate, beholds every evil magnified, and deſponds on every new diſappointment, more eſpecially after having failed in attempting freedom. Education had taught me to deſpiſe death, and theſe opinions had been confirmed by my friend La Metrie, author of the famous work, *L'Homme Machine*, or Man a Machine.

(To be continued.)

An Addreſs from the Three Denominations of Proteſtant Diſſenters, in Great Yarmouth, to their Brethren of the Eſtabliſhment.

Friends, and Fellow Countrymen!

THOUGH we might reaſonably ſuppoſe, that the principles of a large body of people, living in the midſt of you, and connected with you by all the ties of ſociety, ſhould be ſufficiently known, yet recent events have too well proved the exiſtence of very miſtaken ideas concerning us, to make us doubt of the propriety of an explicit declaration of our general ſentiments, reſpecting thoſe points in which the public are intereſted.

We do not, indeed, expect that the avowal of what we ſhall never heſitate to avow, will tend to conciliate towards us the minds of thoſe, whom rooted prejudices, or perſonal intereſts, lead to condemn all opinions different from their own, all attempts for the reformation of abuſes, all appeals to general rights. To ſuch we do not addreſs ourſelves. In our private capacities, we ſhall attempt to ſoften their animoſity by the

the good offices of neighbours and fellow citizens. As a public body, we despair of meeting them upon common ground.

But to those who, with the name of Englishmen, have inherited that attachment to the principles of free and equal Goverment, which is its fairest boast; and with the profession of Christianity have adopted that love of truth and regard to the rights of conscience, which are its noblest distinctions; we presume, with confidence, to present a summary of our public principles as Protestant Dissenters, not doubting that they will recognize in these a sufficient agreement with their own, for a foundation of reciprocal esteem and good will.

With respect to the circumstance from which we derive our appellation—our dissent from the Church of England—it is a matter purely conscientious, and personal to each of us. It is no affair of combination, or opposition. It is merely the result of that exercise of private judgment in matters of religion, which is the fundamental claim of Protestantism; and if we dissent from the national Church, we dissent from one another also. We feel, that difference in modes of faith and worship is to us no proper cause of enmity against any; and we hoped to experience the same liberality from others.

As to the question concerning the expediency of religious establishments in general, our opinions are not uniform. But in this we all agree; that the legitimate purpose of such establishments can only be the promotion of good morals, not the support of any particular Government, or part of that Government. As far, therefore, as the Ecclesiastical Establishment of this Country is made an Engine of State, we cannot approve of it. Yet this disapprobation has nothing in it peculiar to us as Dissenters; nor are we more concerned in the opposition to the political influence of the Church, than the rest of our countrymen, who wish to preserve the purity of both Church and State, by confining each within its proper limits. It is true, that the imposition of a religious test for civil offices, directly calculated for our exclusion, may seem to give us a particular interest in the overthrow of a Church thus attempted to be secured at our expence. But if this be the natural consequence of such a policy, the blame is not our's; for every one knows that our most strenuous efforts have been employed to prevent it. We avow, that we consider the continuance of the test, as an injury to ourselves, a discredit to the established Church, and a reproach to this enlightened nation; especially at a period when religious distinctions on civil concerns

cerns are aboliſhed in ſeveral countries in Europe, and are becoming invidious in all. Nor ſhall we ceaſe to take every occaſion, in a peaceable and conſtitutional way, of endeavouring to emancipate ourſelves from the yoke, and to exonerate our country from the diſgrace of impoſing it.

Concerning our opinions relative to Government in general, and the Britiſh Conſtitution in particular, as far as they are common to us, we may profeſs, that they are in ſtrict conformity with thoſe principles, which directed the Revolution of 1688, and which fixed the Houſe of Brunſwick on the throne of theſe kingdoms. We adhere, with full aſſent to thoſe fundamental maxims of political freedom, that the ſource of all lawful authority is in the people, and that the proper end of Government is the good of the many, not the emolument of the few. We entertain not the leaſt doubt that the Government of this country by King, Lords, and Commons, is ſanctioned by the concurrent voice of the nation. We believe, too, that it is a form in many reſpects excellent in itſelf, and which has greatly contributed to the public happineſs and proſperity. For theſe reaſons, ſo far from meditating any thing hoſtile againſt it, we are ready to hazard our lives and fortunes in its defence. Our warmeſt wiſh is, that it ſhould be ſecured and perfected upon its own genuine principles; but for producing this effect, we have no plans peculiar to ourſelves: We have, in general only adopted thoſe of ſome of the greateſt and beſt of our fellew-ſubject. With regard to our more private intereſts, they are, for the moſt part, intimately connected with thoſe of the commerce and manufactures of this country. Our ſtake in the public is as great as that of any claſs, for we have ſtaked our all. We cannot thrive but with the general proſperity; we are certain to ſuffer in any general calamity.

But we have extended our regards beyond the limits of our own country, and have obſerved with pleaſure a neighbouring nation eſcaping from the chains of tyranny, and becoming as free as ourſelves; and this has been imputed to us as a high crime, and an indication of a temper dangerous to the State. Becauſe we rejoiced in the general event, it has been inferred that we approved of all the means, and becauſe we applauded a Conſtitution in ſome reſpects different from our own, it has been concluded that we were deſirous of ſubſtituting it for our own. The raſhneſs and violence with which ſuch charges have been urged againſt us, much more, in our opinion, require an apology than any thing we have done to give occaſion for them. That Engliſhman ſhould manifeſt their joy on the diffuſion

diffusion of light and liberty over many millions of their fellow-creatures was surely rather to be expected, than that other Englishmen should revile and persecute them for so doing. But we doubt not, in a short time, the sensations of the greater part of our countrymen on these topics will be the same with our own; and that it will be no peculiar distinction to Protestant Dissenters, openly to wish the freedom and happiness of all mankind.

Thus, without reserve or concealment, have we made public such opinions and principles as belong to us in the general character of Protestant Dissenters. We disdain all others. For those of individuals, we, like other members of the community, are individually responsible. It now rests with you, our fellow countrymen, to judge, whether we deserve to be the objects of your suspicion. Providence has assigned us a common settlement, and a participation in those things which most closely connect man with man. It is our common interest to live in peace and harmony with each other. We are conscious of nothing on our parts that should disunite us.

Signed by order of the meeting

SAMUEL HURRY, Chairman.

A JAPANESE STORY.

[Translated from the French.]

A Woman of Japan was left a widow with three sons, on whose labour she depended for support; the young people, originally in a higher sphere of life, but left destitute by the premature death of their father, could scarcely earn what was absolutely necessary for their own subsistence; and continually lamented that they could not procure their mother a happier establishment.

An order was at this time promulgated by the Japanese Government, that whoever should seize a thief, and bring him to a Magistrate, should receive a considerable sum of money as a reward. The three unfortunate brothers, not yet inured to calamity, and who were a thousand times more afflicted at the sight of the distress with which their mother struggled than at their own, unanimously took a resolution as strange as it was heroick—They eagerly caught at this desperate offer of relief, and agreed that one of them should pass for a thief, and that the other two should seize him, and take him to justice.

After

After a contest of generosity between them, they drew lots to determine which of them should be the victim of filial love:—The two eldest turned pale as they opened their lots, for fate had decided against the youngest; who then suffered himself to be bound, and taken as a criminal before the Magistrate.—There having submitted to the necessary interrogations, he confessed that he was guilty of the crime alledged—he was in consequence sent immediately to prison, and his more miserable brothers received the promised reward.

They looked at each other, and sighed forth the name of their beloved parent; but had not the resolution to return to her till they had found means to get into the prison, and take a last farewell of their generous and unfortunate brother. As they believed themselves unobserved, they flung themselves into the prisoner's arms, and by their tears, sighs, and tender caresses, proved to him the excess of that affectionate grief which wounded their souls.

The Magistrate, who was a man of penetration and humanity, had observed in the conduct of these three young men a degree of agitation unusual to persons of the character they had assumed. In particular, the disconsolate look with which they had received the reward, had given rise in his breast to a benevolent curiosity. He had therefore followed them to the prison of the supposed culprit; and unobserved saw him receive the strongest proofs of friendship from those who had brought him to the feet of justice. As their conversation was broken by sobs and exclamations he could not unriddle the whole; but sent a servant after the two accusers, when they quitted the prison, with orders to watch them with the strictest attention.

The domestick obeyed, and on his return related to his master that he had entered the house in which the two brothers lived, and stopping at the door of the room in which they dwelt with their mother, had perfectly heard all that passed between them.—On meeting her, their first care had been to give her the money they had received for their accusation.—The astonished mother showed more signs of uneasiness than joy, at the sight of so large a sum; and eagerly questioned them how they had acquired it; as well as on the absence of their third brother. To her importunate inquiries they at first made no other answer than by their tears; but at last being threatened with the malediction of their beloved parent, they confessed the whole to her. At this horrid recital the unhappy woman, overcome at once by gratitude, terror, and admiration, gave

herself up to every symptom of despair.—At length she suddenly attempted to rush out with a design of making the whole known to the Magistrate; but from this she was withheld by her cruel and generous children—Alternately, therefore, loading them with reproaches, and bathing them with tears of tenderness, she felt in one moment all that anger, grief, and affection could impress on a maternal heart; and at length, unable to support herself under the violence of these emotions, she fell senseless into the arms of her sons.

Greatly affected at this relation, the Judge hastened to the prison of the third brother, and there interrogated him anew; but the young man persisted in his first confession, which nothing could make him retract.—The Magistrate then told him, that he had only wanted to know to how great an excess of heroism filial piety could elevate a virtuous heart; at the same time informing him that he knew the whole of his story, and bid him be at peace both as to himself, and his mother's future situation. —The Judge then hastened to tell the whole matter to the *Cubo Sama* (or Sovereign). The Monarch, struck with so heroick an instance of filial piety, desired to see the three brothers, and their mother. The latter, just recovering from her first transports of sorrow, on opening her eyes to the light, beheld her generous son. The Prince loaded them with honour and applause, bestowed on the youngest an annual establishment of 1500 crowns, and 500 each on his two brothers.

On EXTRAVAGANCE *in* DRESS.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

PERMIT me to precaution the trading part of mankind, through the medium of the Entertainer, that, in case they have a wish to realize a decent fortune, and live tolerably happy, their determination must be not to yoke themselves in marriage to those women who so ridiculously make use of the following trifles, viz.—riding-habits, gold watches, muffs, fur-tippets, waist-ribbands, silk stockings, necklaces, ear-drops, feathers, tiffany, perfumeries, &c. &c. &c.—But it affords me, however, a pleasing reflection in assuring myself of some young men, of the description to whom I dedicate this letter, being in possession of so much discernment as to see that the luxurious articles here mentioned are really unsuitable to be worn by tradesmens wives and daughters.

And

And it may be ſaid further, that in the conduct of ſuch people as are addicted to faſhionable dreſs, you will diſcover other improprieties accompany; namely, a houſe moſt ſplendidly furniſhed; viſiting in its full extent, &c. &c. &c.—From theſe ſinks proceed, undeniably, the diſgraceful ſtate of bankruptcy, together with all the train of evils which of courſe attend!!

Much might be added, but I ſhall conclude by recommending the reader to give the preſent ſubject a due and awful conſideration; and ſhould the advice be the means of ſhewing only one perſon the very great danger of approaching the precipice, or rocks, juſt deſcribed, and thereby ſave him, as alſo his family, from ruin, inexpreſſible ſatisfaction will be reaped by,

Sirs, your moſt humble

And obedient ſervant,

A TELESCOPE.

At Noon, 23d Day of the 1ſt Month.

P. S. I conceive it reaſonable to ſay, the ladies would employ their pens with propriety, in repreſenting inſtances of tradeſmen acting equally improper; and I think alſo the women would merit great praiſe provided they were to lay the ſame before the public accordingly.

REFLECTIONS.

SUCH a pride there is in men's hearts that they muſt not be told of any thing amiſs, though it be with no other intent but that they may amend it: A ſtrange madneſs this is; the ſame it would be in a ſick man to fly in the face of him that comes to cure him, on a fancy that he diſparaged him in ſuppoſing him ſick.

The pride and arrogance of ſome men is ſo lofty, that it appears in their very countenance, and makes them ſuperciliouſly overlook all other men, as if they were not worthy of the leaſt reſpect from them.

Nebuchadnezzar, though a King, the greateſt in the world, yet, for his pride, was driven from among men to dwell and feed with beaſts.

A mind conſcious of itſelf of its own integrity, is a perpetual comfort, and an higher ſatisfaction, than the moſt delicious banquet of the rich and proſperous.

Beware even of falſe accuſations, for the common people being ignorant of the truth, judge by opinion and report.

Gratitude to benefactors is a duty ſo generally acknowledged by all, even the moſt ſavage of men, that he muſt have put off much of his human nature that refuſes to perform it.

Anſwer, by R. Liſcombe, of Newton Abbot, to Richard Gilbert's Queſtion, inſerted November 7.

THE numbers are 20.55, and 30.55. whoſe difference is 10, and the difference of their ſquares 511, as was required.

§*§ We have received the like anſwer from W. Davies, junior, Kenwyn; J. Rees, Briſtol; W. Upjohn, of Shaſton; Fidelio, Bath; S. Hill, near Dawliſh; D. Robarts, St. Columb; Philomathes, Aſhburton; Pyræneus, Buckfaſtleigh; W. Stephens, junior, St. Hillary; P. Lyttleton, of Tywardreath; John Duckham, of Taunton; and J. Taylor, of Ipplepen.

Anſwer, by T. Sparkes, junior, of Exeter, to T. Coumbe's Charade, inſerted December 19.

HOW often in the garden do I tread
Where the SWEET-WILLIAM rears its fragrant [head.

‡ We have received the like anſwer from H. C. Granger, and W. S. of Exeter; A. Pinn, Exmouth; J. Taylor, Ipplepen; R. Tucker, Broadwinſor; T. Walker, Hemyock; Abſalom, Taunton; J. Tucker, Penryn; T. Furze, Mevagiſſey; and S. Hill, near Dawliſh.

An ANAGRAM, *by M. M. of Crediton.*

A Town in Somerſet pray name,
And take one letter from the ſame;
And then with eaſe you can obtain
What money-hunters uſe for gain;
Tranſpoſe and change one letter right,
And you'll obtain what's found at night.

A QUESTION,

A QUESTION, *by Fidelio, of Bath.*

YE youths endow'd with penetration,
A queſtion for your recreation,
In ſymbols is ſubjoin'd;
By a quadratic if you try
The values of both x and y,
You eaſily may find.

GIVEN $x^3+y^3 = 42$ 336-445ths, $\times\,\overline{x^2+y^2}$ and $x^2+y^2 =$ 42 8-21ſts $\times\,\overline{x+y}$.

A CHARADE, *by J. K. C. near Wells.*

MY firſt, gentle bards, in a blithe ſummer's morn,
Behold in the meadows ſo gay;
From its mother's calm breaſt it is frequently torn,
And falls to the conqueror a prey.

The ſecond with brilliance attends on the fair,
At Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and the Park;
As a grace to their beauty, that viſible ſnare,
Which frequently leads us aſtray.

The whole ſhews the frailneſs of that we eſteem,
So ſubject, alas! to decay;
For one moment it ſhines like a diamond or gem,
The next it is vaniſh'd away.

A REBUS, *by W. W. of Sturminſter.*

A Beaſt that is in England much admir'd;
A bird which flies by night is next requir'd;
An inſtrument that's us'd by ladies fair;
The firſt of women you muſt next declare;
With what moſt women generally wear;
An herb whoſe ſmell is much admir'd by moſt;
The largeſt county on old England's coaſt.
The initials rightly join'd will tell,
What ſhould in you and other people dwell.

POETRY.

THE SEASONS.

[From Edinburgh, a Poem, by Robert Alves, A. M.]

HAIL, rural pleaſures, ever new!
How, when a ſchool-boy, did I woo
Your ſimple ſweets! hail'd the bleſt day,
That gave me back the balmy May!
Enraptur'd heard the wild lark ſing,
To uſher in the laughing SPRING;
Mark'd the ſky ting'd with ſofter blue,
While bland and warm the zephyrs flew;
Watch'd the firſt blow of daiſies wild,
Or ſnow-drop, Flora's earlieſt child!
Now drew the breath of freſh-mown hay,
Or flowering beans, or birchen-ſpray,
Now with the tender lambs made all my play.

Anon, when SUMMER, in her chariot bright,
O'er heaven and earth effus'd a fiercer light,
I ſought the ſweet-briars cool perfume,
Or walk'd the golden banks of broom:
Now wading catch'd the finny prey;
Now to the bowery thicket held my way,
Liſtening the linnet's artleſs ſong,
Or even to rob her callow young,
Would ſometimes dare! tho' not with fell intent!
I only wiſh'd ſome woodland lay;
While careful in the wiry frame ypent,
I fed the clamorous brood with dainties many a day.

Next when pale AUTUMN, like a matron ſtaid,
Came penſive on, with clear but ſober eye;
I rang'd the yellow fields, and muſing ſtray'd,
Rapt in ſad ſerious moods of ecſtaſy!

Even

Ev'n then did nature ſtrike my ſtripling eye,
And touch my boſom with a poet's fire!
'Twas then I firſt eſſay'd the Dorian lyre,
Tho' in rude ſtrains of rural minſtrelſy:

One bleſt October morn,
Under the haw-red thorn!
Juſt when yon abbey's moſs-clad ſpire,
'Gan to catch Sol's golden fire,
While, melting to the brightening air,
The fine ſpun webs of goſſamer,
Diſperſing with the light-heel'd dew,
Sail'd in long trails thro' ether blue.
Oh golden and propitious time,
To woo the willing muſe ſublime!
Full ſixteen years had then matur'd my ripening prime.

Laſt when hoar WINTER came with ſweeping ſway
To rule the plain; how gladden'd it my ſoul,
Round the corn-heaps to run in gleeful play,
Or urge the ſnow-balls gathering as they roll!
Or trap the pigeon blue in tangling toils,
The black-bird, red-breaſt, or the chattering jay!
Now all theſe boyiſh ſports are gone for ay!
Nor more each coming year with changeful paſtime ſmiles!

Bleſt, and innocent, and free,
Void of care and penury!
Oh! give me back once more ſuch halcyon days,
Far from the world's tumultuous ways!
Oh! give me back once more ſuch golden time,
And I will yield thee up the willing muſe ſublime!

THE COUNTRY BALL.

[From Amuſement, a poetical Eſſay, by H. J. PYE, Eſq.]

BRITANNIA ſcarcely owns a town ſo ſmall
As not to boaſt its periodic ball,
Where, when full-orb'd, Diana pours her light,
And gilds the darkneſs of the wintry night,
The village beaux and belles their hours employ,
In the full ſwing of faſhionable joy.
Aſide the unfiniſh'd handkerchief is thrown,
And the fair ſempſtreſs now adjuſts her own:

The

The apothecary quits the unpounded pill,
Even the attorney drops his venal quill,
And, as his eyes the ſprightly dance behold,
Forgets to drain the widow's purſe of gold.
To theſe 'tis joy.—But even the courtly train,
Anxious the dregs of pleaſure's bowl to drain,
When fully ſated with each ſplendid ſhow
That elegance and grandeur can beſtow,
To rural ſolitude they fly, will there
This faint reflection of amuſement ſhare.
When from Southampton or from Brighton's ſhore,
Which charm'd when London revelry was o'er,
The fading beauty of autumnal hours,
Recalls the ſportſman to his native bowers,
To tell his neigbours all the toils of ſtate,
Recount of public cares the enormous weight,
And how he ſlumber'd thro' the long debate;
His wife and daughters quit the Gothic hall,
To taſte the raptures of the ruſtic ball.
The high-born miſſes, inſolent and vain,
Scorn while they mingle with the homely train,
Still at the top, in ſpite of order ſtand,
And hardly touch a mean Plebeian hand;
While Madam, eager 'mid the card-room's ſtrife,
Inſults the lawyer's and the curate's wife,
Now ſmiles contemptuous, now with anger burns,
And domineers and ſculds, and cheats by turns;
Pleas'd on the village gentry to retort
Slights ſhe receives from Ducheſſes at court.

Extract of an Elegy on a Winter's Evening, written in 1786 by Mrs. Elizabeth Bentley, the Daughter of a Journeyman Cordwainer.

YET may the mind, unrack'd with doubts and fears,
With cares unruffled, peaceful and ſerene;
Tho' nature her moſt diſmal aſpect wears,
Still look with pleaſure on the gloomy ſcene.

Not ſo the ſoul oppreſs'd with ſhame or grief,
Not ſo the man whom guilty thoughts affright;
He draws from nature's beauties no relief,
He feels new horrors from the darkſome night.